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TO THE EDITOR OF CORADDI:

Believing that the College Magazine should reflect through the quality of its contents the high level of intellectual thought and expression attained by the student body; believing also that its standards should inspire creative effort in writing so characterized by discipline, originality, beauty, and insight that a student would feel herself encouraged and know herself honored to gain admission to its pages, the Alumnae Association through the generosity of its Guilford County chapter, is offering a prize of \$25.00 to be awarded on Commencement Day to that student whose single or total contribution through the current year shall be adjudged the best.

We hope that this evidence of interest on the part of your older sisters may in turn focus new attention on the CORADDI, and that the award may also serve to promote a greater love throughout the campus for good writing for its own sake.

The Alumnae Association sends cordial greetings to you and to the entire staff, and through you, to the contributors to the magazine as their names shall appear from month to month.

Very sincerely yours,

CLARA B. BYRD
Alumnae Secretary

Hilda Olsen

By BLANCHE PARCELL

SCATTERED about Rowan County there are many old homesteads which have been handed down from one generation to another, growing shabbier with each succeeding generation. Hilda Olsen's place was even shabbier and more uncared-for than most of these homesteads. But her neighbors hardly expected her to keep all the shingles on the well house and the palings on the fence with no man about the place, and Hilda had long since given up trying to do it herself.

Tonight she sat in a low chair inside the bedroom door and shelled peas from her lap into a quart cup. It was a warm June night, and the odor of honeysuckle was heavy in the air. From the side porch she heard the rise and fall of voices—Lydia talking to Tom Fleming. Tom was no good, she mused. He didn't work, and there had been reports of a still on his place three miles away. Still she couldn't be too hard on Lydia. Surely it was no harm for them to sit on the porch and talk.

Little zig-zags of lightning played across the sky, and the wind blew stronger. In the next room she heard the two little ones tossing in their sleep. She gathered up the peas in the corner of her apron and went to them. It was nothing. Perhaps the lightning in the air gave them bad dreams.

She was restless herself tonight. The kitchen door slammed. Picking up the kerosene lamp, she hurried to the back to close the doors and lower the windows. In the dining room she set the lamp on the table and straightened up to reach the window. Just then sudden pain, sharp as a knife, struck in her side. She caught herself with her arm and bent far over to ease the hurting. Presently the pain passed away, and she stood up again. She had hoed too hard today, she thought. She was a thin, frail woman with browned face and rough, browned hands. She was not more than forty-two, but life deals harshly with women on the farm land; and since her husband had left her five years before, her life had been harder than most.

From where she stood, Hilda could see the outline of Tom and Lydia sitting close together on the porch; but their backs were turned, and they could not see her. There was a silence. Then she heard Tom say in a low, pleading voice, "Darling, come with me. I promise to make you happy—always."

Hilda caught her breath. She strained every muscle to hear, but she could not make out Lydia's answer. It must have been a protest, for he reassured her, "Can't nothing stand in our way, long as we love each other. You got a right to be happy, I guess, and I could sure make you happy."

Hilda clenched her fist and leaned hard against the table. The same pleading tone! The same words. Oh, these were so nearly the same words that had been spoken to her, so nearly the same that she had to fling her arm across her mouth to keep from screaming out that it was a lie. Happiness! She looked down at her faded cotton dress, her coarse hands, her heavy brogans. And here he was, Tom Fleming, telling Lydia the same lie. She heard the murmur of their voices again, and she turned and ran, through the kitchen and out of the back door.

Outside a streak of lightning rent the sky and fell full on her face. She stumbled and ran on. Farther on another flash lighted up a corner



of the garden—the rank growth of potato plants, silvery green in the light. A hoe was standing upright where it had been stuck in a hill of potatoes. Hardly knowing what she did, she seized the hoe and began furiously, blindly to hoe the long row ahead of her. She piled up loose dirt around the thick stalks, her hoe striking sharply now and then against the stones in the earth. She worked with her feet spread wide apart, striding down the row as she hoed.

"Darling, only come with me. I promise to make you happy—always." The words had caught in her brain as in a cog-wheel, and they

went round and round maddingly. Jim had told her that when she was eighteen. Her mother had protested, had wept.

"Hilda, he ain't good enough for you. He can't provide for you. Promise me you won't marry him."

But she didn't promise. This was going to be different. She would show them. They were married in June—when the honeysuckle was sweet on the vines. Folks in the neighborhood shook their heads and prophesied that no good would come of it. But then Hilda had always been headstrong. It was no more than they expected.

She could hear her mother now.

"It'll all come home to you, Hilda."

These words had burned themselves on her brain many times in the last twenty years. After the first romance had worn off, Jim had been lazy, had ignored her. The place had gone down. She had worked, labored in the fields to help make a living. That had been hard. But when Lydia was twelve, he had left in the night—without a word. Some said he took the woman from down on the Current place. Hilda never knew; but she had been left with three small children, and since then she had labored alone to wrest a living from the soil.

She had been proud and had sought help from no one. Once she had overheard a knot of men talking in the yard after church. She heard Ike Dickson say, "Hilda Olsen works hard. She shore drove her ducks to a pore market when she married Jim Olsen, but you don't hear her complaining. She sure keeps a stiff upper lip."

Hilda had held her head higher and stepped a little quicker after that.

She hoed on, she knew not how long. She was exhausted in body and spirit. Her muscles ached from the hard physical labor, and her head throbbed.

It was as if she had lived the whole course of her life in this one night. She leaned on her hoe and wiped the grime from her hands on her dress. Her back was wet with perspiration, and her dress clung to her back and her thighs.

But Lydia. She must go back now and warn her—tell her it was all wrong. Lydia must not make this mistake. She must find out the lie before it was too late.

It had begun to rain now in big drops. When she reached the house, her body was drenched; her hair fell around her face in wet strings. Tom had gone, and Lydia stood alone in the hall. She was a large, handsome girl with high color in her cheeks. There was something restless about

her that reminded Hilda of Jim before he had left. She glanced up when she heard her mother.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Lydia, you ain't gointer marry him, are ye?"

Lydia started.

"I heard ye talking on the porch."

Lydia's eyes flashed, and she opened her lips as if to speak; but she waited, watching her mother narrowly.

"Lydia, you ain't going ter marry him, are ye? You're too young to marry. You ain't but seventeen. You've got plenty of time. And he can't make you happy. He can't provide for you no more than Jim provided for me. You can't leave me now, Lydia. You're all I got to help take keer of the little ones."

Lydia was silent, her eyes on the floor.

"I got a right to be happy," she said. "You got married when you was young."

Hilda winced.

"I know," she said. "An' look what my life's been. I want to save you from what I suffered. Promise me you won't marry him, Lydia. Promise me . . .," she pleaded.

She put her stained hand on Lydia's bare arm. Lydia drew back. A silence.

"All right," Lydia muttered and turned to go.

Hilda's arm dropped to her side. She watched Lydia strike a match and light the extra lamp on the hall table, watched her disappear up the narrow stairs to her room.

Hilda turned slowly and went about her nightly duties. She bolted the hall door. She pulled a box from behind the kitchen stove and took an old, red sweater from over little fluffs of chickens standing close together. They gave sleepy little cheeps and stepped on her hand when she huddled them closer together and tucked the sweater around them again.

It was a long time that night before Hilda went to sleep. She listened to the far away rumble of thunder, to Lydia moving about in the room above her. When sleep came at last, it was troubled with dreams.

* * * * *

She rose early the next morning while it was still dark and called Lydia from the foot of the stairs. She hastily buttoned her cotton dress as she went for the milk pails. She drew a bucket of water from the well and rinsed the pails and dashed water on the cow's udder as she stood

chewing dry feed. The eastern sky was flushed a faint pink when Hilda sat down to milk.

Presently the two little tousled-headed girls came out where their mother was milking to be buttoned. Hilda wiped her hands on her clean apron and buttoned their aprons in the back.

"Go call Lydia," she told one of them. "Tell her it's time to get breakfast."

The little one scampered off, and the other found her box with a string tied to one end, and she dragged it off around the house.

The first little tousle-head ran back, screaming.

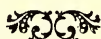
"Mamma, she's gone. Lydia's gone. All her clothes is gone."

The other one ran from around the house, upsetting her little red box-wagon as she ran.

"Lydia's gone," she echoed. "An' Mamma, they's tracks in the yard."

Hilda sat numb, frozen. Then Lydia had not kept her promise. She had gone in the night like her father, leaving no word. They had planned it even while she hoed.

Hilda leaned forward, her head buried in her arms and sobbed, great shaking sobs. The two little ones stood wide-eyed and frightened. Never before had they seen their mother cry.



Modern Love

Take away my youth and my love for you. Make my hair straight, make me ugly . . . ugly . . . Now say you still love me. No? What does it matter anyway? Would I love you bereft of all your handsomeness, the money in your pockets, and your smile? Oh—well! Our love is just as good as most of them, I guess. I like a sunset for its color. Take away its color—what is left?

MARY ELIZABETH DAVIS

To Wagner

(Upon being asked to write upon some great influence in my life)

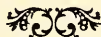
O thou whose great immortal soul has sprung
From truth and beauty born in ages past,
I hear thy voice like silver trumpets flung
Unto the list'ning skies with splendid blast.

It swells to reach the music of the spheres;
It quivers as a harp string tautly drawn.
Each throbbing note that falls upon these ears
Is clearer than a streak of winter's dawn.

O Wagner, well I know the voice that sings,
'Tis Siegfried, wandering deeply hurt and sad,
'Tis Siegfried with whose voice all heaven rings
And echoes back his song of death so mad!

I kneel to thee, O artist soul divine!
I'll worship thee through deathless arcs of time!

EDYTHE LATHAM



Clocks

The clocks, with measured steps and slow,
Some quiet, some with mellow chime,
Some limping, others hurried, go
Down endless corridors of time.

JIMMIE

Figures of Speech in the Poetry of Percy Bysshe Shelley

By MARY ELIZABETH KEISTER

THE poetry of Shelley has always presented itself as very peculiar in quality—totally different, for example, from the poetry of Milton, or of Wordsworth, or of Browning. "Shelley deals less with actualities than does any other English poet. His imagery is that of the dream world, peopled by ethereal forms and bathed in prismatic light." An air of unreality rests over all his work.

Shelley is, first and last, a romanticist, and as such he employs romantic metaphors and similes; he attempts to define the intangible and unreal in terms still more unreal and intangible. He seems particularly to delight in describing such indefinable things as the seasons, the dusk, or the night. These descriptions have about them a pure and exquisite phantasy and are classic examples of the evanescent quality of Shelley's imagination.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere.

.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the Earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep

In defining things perhaps even more intangible than the seasons—remembrance, for example—he displays this same fondness for unearthly imagery, but to an even more marked degree:

Swifter far than summer's flight—
Swifter far than youth's delight—
Swifter far than happy night,
 Art thou come and gone—
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled

Countless are the poets who have attempted definitions of Time, but only Shelley could give it to us thus:

Thou shoreless flood, which in thine ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality

Even in his brief definitions, the figures of speech have the subtlety and the frailty that are the essence of the poetic genius of Shelley. Music, to him, is "the silver key of the fountain of tears." He speaks of the waves "like light dissolved in star-showers"; the "plumed insects swift and free, like golden boats on a sunny sea"; "the chill wind, languid as with pain of its own heavy moisture"; the weeds "which were forms of living death."

Illustrative of this abstract imagery we find two passages, in particular, of a tender and haunting beauty. The first is from "The Skylark"; the second, from "Rain Wind."

Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.
The gentleness of rain was in the wind

.

The most perfect example of the immensity of Shelley's creative imagination, his flawless imagery, unparalleled in English literature for a transcendent and ethereal beauty, is to be found in the superb figure:

Life, like a dome of many colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.

Like all poets, Shelley draws to a great extent upon the five senses; but one of the very secrets of his genius lies in his ability to describe one sense in terms of another—for example, smell by sight, sight by touch—as in:

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapors arose which have strength to kill;
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,
At night they were darkness no star could melt.

.

Music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense.

"In his descriptive and visual fancies," says Matthew Arnold of Shelley's poetry, "one notices, among other things, a wonderfully fine sense of color." This is apparent in these lines from "The Sensitive Plant":

The rose leaves, like crimson flakes of snow,
Paved the turf and the moss below.
The lilies were drooping and white and wan
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

Likewise, a stanza from "The Question" illustrates his remarkable eye for color:

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine
Green cowbind and the moonlight colored May
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day,
And white roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any awakened eyes behold.

The imagery of Shelley's poetry which appeals to many as the most enjoyable, and perhaps, the most satisfying, is found in his lyric comparisons of people—his friends and contemporaries, and the poet himself.

Keats he has immortalized in "Adonais" in certain passages of tender and concentrated feeling:

—youngest, dearest one . . .
The extreme hope, the loveliest and the last
The bloom, whose petals nipped before they blew

—a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely

whose

fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto Eternity.

Byron will live forever as

The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent
An early but enduring monument

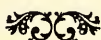
But when he comes to write of himself, Shelley can think only of his own great unhappiness, of how he has failed utterly in finding some joy in living, of how he is misunderstood, misjudged by his fellow countrymen, of how the quality of his genius is lost in his poetry through the lack of a proper audience. With a cry of anguish, he writes:

My thoughts arise and fade in solitude,
The verse that would invest them melts away
Like moonlight in the heaven of spreading day.
How beautiful they were, how firm they stood,
Flecking the starry sky like woven pearl!

In a passage of ineffable and consummate beauty, he thus characterizes himself:

—one frail form
A phantom among men, companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift—
A love in desolation masked; a Power
Girt round with weakness

Ah, the poignancy of feeling, the beauty—utter and immortal. But even in these despairing lines we see Shelley, not a beautiful and ineffectual angel but a strong and restless spirit, thinking *not* according to the terrestrial conditions of time and place and circumstance, but writing across broad horizons his deep and unbodied joy in a fluttering skylark, his hushed and tranquil harmony with a blue Italian night.



Discontent

If I owned 'a valley house
By a noisy rill,
I'd want the silence of my friend's
Set upon a hill.

But if his house were mine, I'm sure
That I should tripping go
Down to see him more than once,
I'd love his valley so.

JIMMIE

It Is Well

By MARGARET SPENSER

I AM a medical man with a rather large practice. I fear that I am entirely devoid of any imagination, but I try to console myself for the lack of that quality by reminding my sensitiveness that I am at least reliable and have the respect of my patients who want a man with knowledge rather than imagination.

All this is purporting to introduce the rather peculiar happenings at Caswell's house one afternoon late in October, by coincidence exactly twenty-seven years after I had begun practicing in the old doctor's office back in town. On the afternoon of which I speak I had been called over to Caswell's to attend an aged couple, injured when their automobile had gone over the siding. Perhaps you wonder that I, rather than an ambulance, was called. That point is explained by the fact that the man was dead, the woman dying, and the nearest hospital and ambulance fifteen miles up-country, whereas I was just three small farms away. The two old people had been brought in Caswell's house for shelter. The man had been accorded no civility, for he was dead without a doubt and merely placing his bloody figure on the floor would not cause him to rest easier. He had been dumped into a chair by the door—his dying wife stretched out on the table in the room.

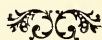
This much care of them had been taken by the time I got to the house. I simply confirmed the death of the man before I set about the hopeless task of saving the woman. She was unconscious at first but rallied out of her stupor to call feebly, "Sammy!" I answered that he was coming and told her to lie quietly to wait for him.

A few minutes later—paralysis now had drawn her head sharply over her right shoulder—she called again, a little louder and with a little more feeling, "Sammy!" What answer could I give other than he was coming when at the time he was sitting dead in the chair by the door?

Death was close on her a few minutes later when she demanded, "Sammy, you must come."

I have already told you that I have no imagination and yet something prompted me, and on that prompting I moved the chair with the dead man to the left side of the dying woman, slipped his hand in hers, saying, "He is here. Sammy has come to you."

For just a moment she held his hand and then she murmured, "Let us go home now, Sammy." The body of Sammy slipped to the floor into a kneeling position by the woman. Barely perceptible now was her voice when she breathed, "It is well that you should thank God, Sammy" before she too had gone away.



Worship

The maples where the people pass
Spread leafy prayer-rugs on the grass
And sweet gums set the hills aflame
Like altars lit to praise his name.
Wood smoke can do him reverence
As well as myrrh or frankincense.
Priest-like, the blue-fringed gentian can
Somewhat reveal his ways to man.
For offering there is no need
Beyond the gift of poppy seed.

And Autumn kneels to take from God
The blessing of the golden rod.

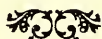
ARLINE FONVILLE

Return I Dare Not

Return I dare not. The expectant halls,
Waiting your presence, would reproach me there;
And though all else be as before, those walls
Without your laughter would seem very bare.
My mind could not live over that last dawn,
The thoughtless words, the jarring of the door,
And the finality, when you were gone
Of watching shattered rose leaves stain the floor.

My single and unaggravated grief
Is all that fate demands the soul should bear.
But should the wind, grown careless of some leaf,
Torture it slowly down the dim lit stair
And I, forgetful, wait to feel your touch—
I should find grief grown suddenly too much.

ARLINE FONVILLE



Lines to the Unconcerned

You, who stand so calm and unafraid,
And take your blows from life, chin out—
What would you do if you should stand as I do
And, seeing beauty, weep for speech to put it into words—
And know that dreams are locked forever in your heart . . .
Clad like tall skyscrapers in the rain;
And lights that glow—and harbors in the mist . . .
Could you—my calm and unafraid—could you withstand all this?

MARY ELIZABETH DAVIS

AS WE SEE IT

YEARS ago in England there roamed about the circles of society a group of people who called themselves "æsthètes," who followed the muse with figurative lilies in their hands. Having written, they held their efforts up to the public and exclaimed, "This is art, sacred and untouchable. Art is not to be criticized."

We are on an editorial rampage. All you æsthètes, all you dillitantes who follow the muse with a lily in your hands (ignoring the fact that the lily has been dead for some time) turn the page, shield your muse as best you can, and, if you love her, drop the lily before it is rudely snatched from your hand.

We believe that writing is a craft. We further believe that a craft carried to perfection is an art. We do not believe that ignorance of the craft is an aid to art. More emphatically we do believe that with very rare exceptions there is no art without craft. Genius, too, falls into this category. Genius is untutored mastery of one's craft. But you know as well as we that for every hundred æsthètes there is not one genius. Genius does not go in for carrying lilies. Genius is too busy being to have time to pose—and even genius can recognize dead lilies.

We have a particular abhorrence for the lily in prose, and usually poor prose, gilded as free verse. It is an injustice to the real craftsman who uses free verse as a means to an end—that of expression. It is an injustice to the reader who wallows through so much rot and then condemns all free verse by the "example" before him.

While it is true that free verse is free in that it employs no set form, it is generally understood that a craftsman places free verse patterns in the arrangement in which they are set for a very definite purpose; namely, that of placing the stress on certain groups of words as such. That is, the poet has in mind the reading of his poem. He wishes the pauses to come at the end of the line. The classical example of this pattern formation, is, of course, Amy Lowell's "Patterns." Free verse demands that all words except those definitely contributing to the pattern be omitted. And first, last, and always, it demands that a definite message

be conveyed to the reader—a definite, emotional picture that must out. That, after all, is the only excuse for poetry.

Put down your lilies, pick up your pens! If you are a craftsman you will have pride in your workmanship. If, after having tested all the tools of various verse forms, you find that free verse is the medium in which you can best express yourself, use free verse; but use it for one purpose only—as a means to art. Let the lilies grow for a while; they need it as well as you. And do not be afraid of apparent failure and a feeling of dissatisfaction. No real artist has ever felt entirely satisfied. It is a healthy dissatisfaction if it leads to more writing, and a dissatisfaction that brings its own reward.

Know your craft, and art will come of its own accord. Throw down your lilies and take up the pen, and pursue one of the finest crafts ever known to man.



Notice

From the offices of *Modern Youth Magazine*, 155 East 44th Street, New York, N. Y., we receive the letter from which this paragraph is taken:

At present we are editing a magazine. Its title is *Modern Youth*, and it is to be "the mouth-piece of the younger generation." No author is to be over thirty, and material of all kinds is to be used—short stories, poems, editorials, and discussions on subjects and issues of the day from the modern point of view. For all material published the author will receive a remuneration.

Now is the opportunity for you who have been writing for CORADDI to break into print of another sort.



HAVE YOU READ---

JOSEPHUS. *By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated from the German by Willa and Edwin Muir. New York, 1932. Viking Press.*

Out of a mass of uncertain data about a Hebrew historian who figured in the wars between Rome and Judea, during the early Christian era, Lion Feuchtwanger has drawn, not only the central character about whom the book is written, but also a host of vivid figures from Nero and Poppæa to King Agrippa and his strange sister, Berenice. The history of the Eastern world becomes fascinatingly alive, peopled with men and women living intense lives.

In this book, like his others, *Power*, *Success*, *The Ugly Duchess*, Mr. Feuchtwanger has taken a historical period about which most readers know little, and made it appear not so different, beneath the surface, from our own times. Josephus, whose story it is, is a man of a strange, almost cowardly nature. Impelled at times by the loftiest motives he can never free himself from his ambitions and his desire, first for recognition from his people, and then from Rome, and finally his desire for vindication from accusations of treachery. He is a man whose motives are never quite clear and who becomes hopelessly lost in the labyrinth of his own actions.

Mr. Feuchtwanger has gone into great detail about social and political conditions in five sections of the ancient world, giving the reader much in addition to an entrancing story. His style even in translation is clear-cut and alive. This is the sort of book which requires intensive reading, and which cannot easily be put aside.



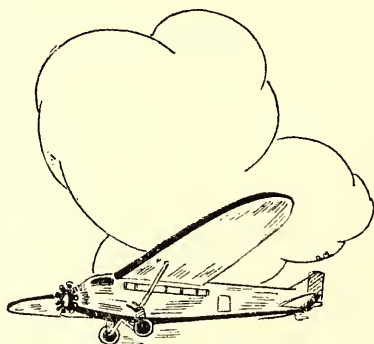
FOR THE FUN OF IT. *Amelia Earhart.*

For the Fun of It is not a literary piece of work, nor is it artistic in its presentation. It is rather a story told with modesty and simplicity in a conversational tone. In it, Amelia Earhart, nurse, flier, and author, tells the story of her life. She was born in a small mid-western town and

educated hither and yon over this country and in Canada. She was the first woman to fly the Atlantic Ocean alone; and, because of this, her name will go down in the history of flying. Her achievement, however, was not intended to aid the progress of flying so much as it was to help in the struggle for woman's rights.

Amelia Earhart tells, in her autobiography, how, as a child, she struggled against the conventions that kept a girl from entering the games of boys. She wanted strenuous exercise when girls were supposed to roll hoops for amusement. She tells in her book that she and her sister were the first girls in her town to wear gymnasium suits for play.

The impression that the book leaves with the reader is that woman *can*. By her life, Amelia Earhart has proved that women can do many of the things that have been considered improper or even impossible for them.



Pen Feathers

What the Little Blue Book Says or A Handbook for Freshmen

I

GENERAL REGULATIONS

1. *The Proper Attitude to Assume Toward Upperclassmen:*

You will encounter on this campus certain people known as Upperclassmen who will attempt to impress you with their knowledge. Do not let them disturb your poise. It is their particular duty to reflect honor upon the college by casting honor upon themselves. Upperclassmen are paid to do this in the same way that great football stars are paid in other colleges to give the *Alma Mater* a certain amount of prestige.

2. *The Proper Attitude to Assume Toward Councilors:*

Councilors are placed in colleges to take the place of mothers. It is unwise to buy clothes or decide to go down town without the advice of a councilor. It is also the duty of the councilors to tell each of the students good night. Students should insist upon this privilege.

Do not undertake to learn the rules from the handbook; it is too great a tax upon your mental powers, all of which are needed for studying. Instead, go to the councilor if an occasion arises on which you need to know anything.

A great many councilors are very undesirable as enemies. In some colleges councilors have been actually known to report a girl.

We give here excerpts from the diary of one of the councilors at the North Polar Institute for the Education of Ignorant Females:

Sept. 12. College opens today. Four hundred students entering. They look very promising. I hope to be able to keep most of them.

Sept. 30. Just accused two students of sleigh-riding without permission. I hope I am right.

Nov. 18. Five of the girls bought a sleigh and kept it on campus. It is too bad they had to go home. And I had thought they were such nice girls.

Dec. 13. Have had a perfectly lovely month so far. Only 297 students left.

Jan. 19. Very discouraging month. Have only been able to catch two girls who had become drunk on the whale oil which we use in the lamps. I hope to do better next month, however.

II

ON CAMPUS

1. *Spending the Night Out:*

When spending the night out in other dormitories, the student should go to as little trouble as possible. One of the great lessons which college teaches is efficiency. The most efficient manner of doing things is to let others do them for you. It is often more convenient to forget to sign out in the house president's book. By shouting back to your dormitory, you will be able to get either the house president or your roommate to do it for you. If you forget your pajamas, you may borrow a pair from your hostess. This, too, will save you a great deal of trouble. Cutting campus from one dormitory to another is a time-saving device of which you should take full advantage. It has been estimated that Mary Godfrey, in the course of four years, saved no less than two hundred thousand steps merely by cutting campus from Gray to West.

2. *Keys:*

A girl's status on campus is determined by the number of keys which she owns. Anyone owning less than six will not be asked to become a member of the Keepa Losa Key sorority, which is one of the most popular sororities on campus. Keys should be hung outside the door of one's room to amuse guests. If an extra key which does not fit anything is placed on the ring, visitors will most certainly be kept busy finding which key fits what until you are able to get home.

3. *Studying:*

Studying is a vice that should be pursued surreptitiously. You should not be seen studying or carrying a great many books lest you be taken for a freshman. Upperclassmen learn to pass without studying. However, if you must study, the approved method is to be able to do it

in the face of a great many distractions. A very good way is to get two sticks of gum to occupy the jaws, one for each jaw. This will encourage the mind to work. In the presence of such physical industry, mental industry will be inevitable. (This follows the well-known Boyle's law of Imitation, which psychologists believe to be the basis of human behavior.) Place the picture of your latest "Heart Beat" before you. Music is also very conducive to study. It has been worked out scientifically by the process of elimination that certain records are especially helpful in studying certain subjects. In order that you may have the benefit of this piece of research, we are giving you the results. This is known as the Davis Relativity table:

Bacteriology—"You've Got Me in the Palm of your Hand."

Sociology—"A Shanty in Old Shanty Town."

English—"You're Driving Me Crazy."

Spanish—"Just One More Chance."

Biology—"Lullaby of the Leaves."

Dictionaries are placed in the library to give it the proper literary atmosphere. They are not to be used for looking up words. A thesaurus is a prehistoric animal to be feared and dreaded. Latin words in particular are to be utterly ignored. They are put into the text to give the teacher an opportunity to show off her knowledge. The wise pupil will flatter the teacher by asking her the meaning of all difficult words and thus raise herself in the teacher's estimation. To know as much as the teacher is very undesirable. It will not only incur the jealousy of the teacher, but will also prevent the co-eds from asking you to the dances.

III

OFF CAMPUS

1. *Going to the Tea Room:*

In order to make the people of the state realize that this is not a place of drudgery, it is the custom for the girls of this college to go to the tea room clad in beach pajamas. This creates a most delightful summer resort atmosphere.

2. *Spending the Week-end Out of Town:*

When spending the week-end out of town, you should always bring back plenty of food. It may be necessary to have your roommate meet you at the bus station but the college authorities will be only too glad to

allow this. Food should be eaten on Sunday night; otherwise, it might spoil. It is best to have a large crowd in the room and make a great deal of noise. This lets the people below you know that you are very popular and are enjoying yourself. Thus your prestige on campus will be raised.

IV

SOCIAL REGULATIONS

1. *Riding:*

No student may drive a car in Greensboro unless it belongs to her immediate family, but it is possible to call any gentleman friend who has a car your brother. Extensive families are approved of by authorities.

2. *Gentlemen Callers and Engagements With Men:*

(a) How to get them:

As there is a boy for every girl in the world, there should be no difficulty in obtaining a date. They are to be found especially on street corners and in front of the drug stores. The proper approach is to ask them what time it is. If you prefer, you might ask them to change a dime. Young men with any sense of the proper action will then ask you for a date.

(b) How to amuse them:

This should not be any more difficult than obtaining them, since all the girls in your dormitory will be only too glad to help you by filing by. You are thus given an opportunity to display your wit by making clever remarks about each of them. You will find it more entertaining than a trip to the zoo. Some of the girls may even be kind enough to entertain by dancing, making wise cracks, singing, or playing the piano.

V

CLASS PRIVILEGES

Freshmen are not allowed to do anything which they want to.

VI

CAMPUS STANDARDS

Trash cans are put around the building merely for decoration; do not put trash in them. It is bad taste.

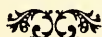
VII

DINING ROOM REGULATIONS

Cafeteria meals are served for one hour between the times stated on the bulletin board, but this does not mean you are to go to meals until the last minute. Pajamas are the accepted article of wearing apparel. This gives you an extra fifteen minutes of sleep in the morning. Hose are not worn since they tend to hinder the progress. By coming in at the last minute, you are forced to get in your practice for track. This is valuable exercise. It is hoped that all students will, by running, be able to get to meals on time.

HORSE-BACK RIDING IS NOT PERMITTED.

L. BLAUVELT, M. E. DAVIS, A. FONVILLE



I Cannot Write

I cannot write a good rondeau;
My thoughts are lame, my speech is sleau,
 Without the aid of counting sheep
 I readily could fall asleep,
And let the blooming poem geau!

But in this world, things be not seau
Arranged that seniors dare to threau
 Away their pen and ink, and weep,
 "I cannot write!"

Perforce, with many a furrowed reau
And wrinkle in my brow, I greau
 Poetic; but as ideas creep
 Like snails from out the scattered heap
Of thoughts within my brain, I kneau
 I cannot write!

JULIA WATSON

Parodies

By KATHERINE BONITZ

"There was a little girl,
Who had a little curl,
Right down the middle of her forehead.
When she was good,
She was very good;
But when she was bad, she was horrid."

As Told by Dr. Samuel Johnson

You must know that once there was a young maiden distinguished in appearance by a single curl on her forehead; in disposition, by capricious, varying, and inconsistent impulses.

*"Nil fuit unquam
Sic dispat fibi"*

—HORACE

Such a various creature ne'er was known.

To an undiscerning and distinterested eye, these fits of passion, offset by periods of righteousness, seemed exceedingly obstruse; they were in fact recondite, being far removed from any semblance of normality. Many of her fellow-beings would have vigorously accorded with Addison's observation:

"Causa latet; res est notissima"

The cause is secret, but the effect is known.

At times, she was of a most virtuous and amicable temperament: sweetly conversant, pleasantly amenable, thoughtfully considerate, cheerfully unselfish; but yet, again, in a succeeding instant, she might appear as some evil spirit, so great was her incorrigibility, so overwhelming were her vituperations, so odious were her deeds.

There had been many correctives advanced relating to the supposedly unknown reasons for the strange and novel temporary mental paroxysms of this thoroughly unfortunate young person; but none satisfied my constant and discriminating curiosity.

"In me, but incident of my sex,

Curiosity, inquisitive, importune of secrets."

—MILTON

Therefore, it seemed imperative and compelling that I investigate and detect the underlying causes of this sad condition.

In my close and critical investigation of the case, I acquainted myself with the significant facts; and thus I am able to expound my theories concerning this human phenomenon.

"Incredulus Odi."

Incredulous as I am, I hate it.

As is indeed well-known, the various humors in the body cause the four complexions or characteristic temperaments of men; these four consist of black bile, choler, phlegm, and lastly warm blood. An undue or excess amount of any of these has a drastic and highly undesirable consequence upon the individual. It came about, that in my investigations, I discovered that these humors were the prime cause of the unusual mixture of opposite qualities in my subject. There was found to be present a superfluity of two humors, choler and warm blood: the first producing a choleric temperament and the second a sanguine disposition. When her system lost its equipoise and the humors grew excessive, then it was that she became possessed of the mad, uncontrollable mood. As I have previously mentioned, her normal and natural mood was one of complete equanimity, and it was exceedingly unfortunate that she should be a prey to a frequently unbalanced system.

I earnestly trust that this exposition of my findings in this signal case will contribute profoundly and vastly to the enlightenment of any minds howsoever confounded and perplexed by the tale of that maid whose brow's central part was gloriously adorned with a solitary golden-hued, undulation of hair.

As Told by Wordsworth

Oft as I ranged the Langdale Pike
Throughout the season's change,
I met a maid in sorry plight
With manner sweet yet strange.

When first I saw this unknown girl,
'Twas on an autumn day.
The bright-hued leaves about her swirled.
My thoughts were light as they.

She sat upon a rock of gray
Beside a silv'ry stream.
I thought her, then, a woodland fay,
As visioned in a dream.

I called to her, and then I said,
"Why do you sit and gaze?"
She did not move nor turn her head.
She seemed as in a daze.

What pensive thoughts could hold this child?
What anguish tear her heart?
Thus mused I, when with look so wild,
She gave a sudden start.

She turned such fearful eyes on me
I ne'er had seen before.
The look in them was sad to see.
It vexed my heart full-sore.

Oh! then she told her story sad:
An outcast lone was she;
Turned out from home and all she had,
She dwelt in misery.

And when I asked the cause of it,
She said, in accents drear,
"The sad and woeful cause of it
Is here, my master, here."

With that she grasped a single curl
Which fell between her eyes.
"My father was a lowly churl,
And curls he did despise.

"When I was born, cursed with this one,
He vowed I'd never be
Allowed to grow up in his home
Nor at my mother's knee.

“And thus am I destined to maintain
A wanderer’s life for e’er.
The only thing which I may blame,
Is this one lock of hair.”

As Told by Pope

How oft we are by Beauty’s looks so led
But find, when beauty’s gone, that all is fled.
We only see the outward ’pearance fine,
And thus we judge the temperament sublime.
Sweet muse, come down from Jove’s celestial throne.
Expound the tale, that all may then condone
Fair Delia, fairer still than all the fair,
A beauteous nymph, she was, beyond compare.
Shining above her loveliness of face
Were golden locks, a Venus’ head might grace;
And on her brow, serene as early morn,
One ringlet the true middle did adorn.
Two spirits did within this maiden dwell.
Each one the other essayed to expel.
When days were fair and Delia saw her love,
Her smile outshone benignant Sol’s above.
Sweet words, she spoke to all, and frowned on none.
Both belles and beaux thereby her graces won.
Such equanimity did not exist
At all times, for fair Delia would insist
(In manner rash and antics truly sad)
On being just outrageously bad.
Like Nemesis she seemed, as tempest raged.
Her passions rose; vociferous acts she waged
Against her foes and friends until one day,
As this Satanic spirit held its sway,
She, in the height of anger and despair,
Unthinkingly laid hold upon her hair
And gave a mighty pull! To her dismay
She found she’d plucked her forelock clear away.
There being, then, no curl upon her forehead,
She ne’er again had reason to be horrid.

Rebel

By SUSANNE KETCHUM

I CAME to the startling realization one day that I was allowing myself to be herded and driven with humanity in general, and I rebelled. I have always been stubborn and have always hated to have someone tell me that I must do something because it is the thing to do or must not do something else because it just isn't done. This was a free country, I told myself, and as long as I didn't hurt anyone else I had a perfect right to do anything I wished.

I decided that I would no longer observe the all too numerous weeks that had been set aside for apples, oranges, and raisins. It was absurd, I decided, for me to eat a superabundance of apples on National Apple Week simply because the apple growers could find no other way to sell their fruit. The Eat More Bread and the Drink More Milk weeks were equally foolish. People always ate and drank all that they wanted if they could afford to buy it, and if they couldn't—well, neither of these weeks had a dole connected with it. As far as I was concerned, the Clean Up, Paint Up, Fix Up week was useless, too. I cleaned up two or three times a day, painted up as often as I cleaned up, and fixed up every time I had a date. Having assured myself that all these weeks were foolish, I decided to disregard them all and substitute in their place fifty-two Do-As-You-Please weeks.

Next I turned on the days: May Day, Labor Day, and Straw Hat Day. I resolved that I would never again hang a pretty basket of fruit on my neighbor's door just because it was May Day. I decided that since it was impossible to rest on the rest days, it would be foolish to try to rest on the one labor day of the year. I promised myself that never again would I throw away a perfectly good straw hat on Straw Hat Day so that some merchant could sell me a new one the next spring.

I even became so radical that I decided that I would no longer wear a hat or gloves or carry a pocketbook. The day after I made this resolution, I went into New York hatless, gloveless, and with my subway nickel in my dress pocket. I felt very carefree with nothing to leave on counters or on the subways. I was wandering through Lord and Taylor's wondering why I hadn't thought of leaving hat, gloves, and pocketbook at home before, when someone came up to me and asked me where the millinery department was. When I told her that I didn't know, she threatened to

report me to the personnel director. I was rather dazed at this and wondered if the personnel director gave intelligence tests or in any other way helped I-don't-knows.

It was not until that afternoon when a young man came up to me while I was standing in a florist's shop and asked me for a dozen red carnations that I realized that I was being taken for a clerk.

Since that day I have limited my rebellion to useless May Days and Apple Weeks.



Beach-Longing

With Apologies to John Masefield

I must down to the seas again, to the ocean and the sky,
And all I ask is a little spot on the crowded beach to lie,
And some run rays for some sun-tan, and bleached hair in the making,
And violet rays for the small of my back, for the rheumatiz and the
aching.

I must down to the seas again, for the season now is here
For floppy hats and bathing suits that fit both quick and near,
And all I ask is a swanky suit that's cut just a la mode
And a lot of men and a fancy life—and a free and easy road.

I must down to the seas again in luxury to lie,
Where money's spent with careless ease and prices are sky-high,
And all I ask is a generous friend at the end of summer to say,
"Go home and rest a while, my dear—these bills are mine to pay."

EDNA MILLER

Headquarters for the College Miss
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